Glo. I know not whether to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As *I* had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked there's no need for me,
And much *I* need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him *I* lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that *I* ſhould wring frō him.
Buc. My lord, this argues cōſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that Edward is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For firſt he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the king of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies,
Made prize and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317, 22318) LONDON, 1605, 1612 THE BRITISH LIBR